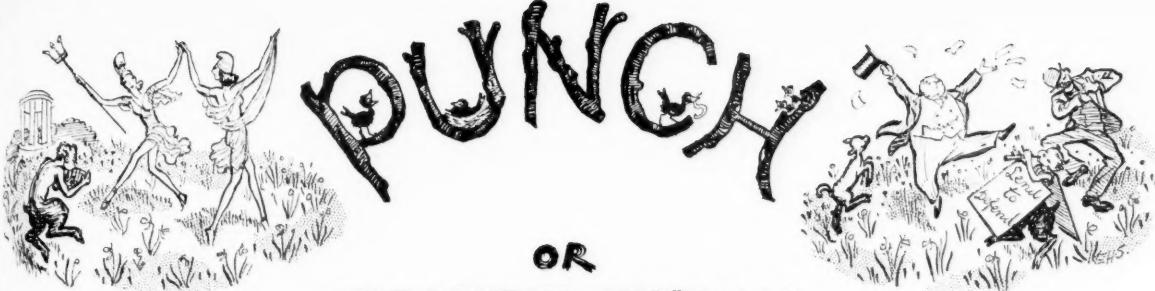


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Vol. CXCVIII No. 5168

April 17 1940

Charivaria

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN's film about a European Dictator is finished. He has been just a little too quick for exact synchronisation.



A town councillor of a seaside resort assured a reporter that no summer visitors would be stung. Do the local jellyfish know?

We read that HITLER's handwriting is very poor. Can this be why he dictates?

An American escapist recently obtained a divorce. He admits that it took a little longer than usual.

A Hollywood producer plans "a super film about Helen of Troy, whose face launched a thousand ships." We fear this would only be one long news-reel.

"SUGAR FOR JAM-MAKING
REMINDER TO HOUSEHOLDERS WHO
GROW SOFT AND STONE FRUIT."
Headings in Scottish Paper.
How different from our hardy
ancestors!

According to Dr. GOEBBELS the FUHRER knows just what he wants. And that worried look on Herr HITLER's face suggests he has a shrewd idea of what he is going to get.

Among valuables stolen from a Berlin jeweller's shop the other night was three-quarters of an ounce of butter.

"HITLER gets up with the lark every morning," says a German newspaper. We should have thought the Gestapo could watch that for him.



A sporting writer refers to the number of famous cricketers who wear glasses. But Lord's has yet to see a batsman taking the one-eyed stance with a monocle.

In his reminiscences a circus proprietor says that all the performers he engaged to be shot out of cannons were Germans. East-Coast residents are keeping a sharp look-out.

"I cannot think of a more hideous vogue than women's hats at present," says Sir WALTER GILBEY. Some men have moments of depression when they fear some other man might.



"A chemist has a formula which will increase petrol consumption considerably. Would like to meet people who would help finance or market same."
Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."

And could he tell us how to make our butter ration go half as far?

"London taxis appear to have seen a good many summers," observes an American visitor. And some haven't seen a spring for years.



"They call it Spring, Mummy, and they have one every year down here."

Imperfection

ARE you a Perfect Citizen?

One of the daily papers has asked me this in a manly straightforward way, and has done its utmost to help me to be manly and straightforward in return by compiling a set of questions for me to answer.

The result has been not too good.

But I doubt if you could do much better yourself. Let me see—always providing it isn't yet black-out hour, when we shan't be able to.

Q. Are you on National Service?

A. (very simply). No. Nobody will have me. Don't tell me you haven't had this experience yourself, because I know you have. It is practically universal.

Q. Do you carry your gas-mask and identity-card everywhere?

A. Yes, and I spend time and money—which make it even more patriotic—in retrieving them, especially the gas-mask, from all the places in which I accidentally leave them.

Q. Are you familiar with A.R.P. arrangements inside and outside your home?

A. Good heavens, yes!

Q. Are you paying your bills and meeting your liabilities promptly?

A. This is a silly question. The habits of a life-time are not to be reformed in five minutes, more particularly with the income tax what it will be to-morrow.

Q. Are you helping business by continuing to make reasonable purchases?

A. See previous *Q.* and *A.* and you will realise that whether I say Yes or No to this one I shall be in the wrong anyway. The same probably applies to yourself.

Q. When abroad in the black-out do you, whether pedestrian, cyclist, or motorist, do all you can to preserve life?

A. No. When a pedestrian I stamp on cats, dogs and birds, when a cyclist I run down little children, and when a motorist I deliberately charge air-raid wardens, special constables and archbishops.

[Note that this reply is not to be taken literally. It is really designed to keep up the national spirits, and therefore is the best one in my favour yet. I doubt whether it counts, when *you* are concerned.]

Q. Have you cleared your attics of lumber as a precaution against fire in an air raid?

A. Clearing the attics was thought of years ago by grandmamma and would have been done but for the difficulty of knowing where else to keep cardboard boxes and brown paper, which are sure to come in handy one of these days. I am taking my stand on this, but it will be much harder for you, if you live in a modern house and *have* no attics.

Q. Are you tolerant in your attitude to inevitable Government restrictions?

A. The restrictions are one thing and the Government is another. It is quite on the cards that you may be more tolerant than I am, or less tolerant, or tolerant in different directions. Any elaboration of this theme will probably prove a failure, especially the bit about the Government.

Q. Do you make every effort to conserve fuel by using electricity, gas and coal sparingly?

A. I have had to do so for years, and the consequent indifferent temperature of the water after the first couple of baths has done much to impair the harmony of my home-life. If you say that you have not found this to be the case with yours, then either you live alone or with those ghastly people who keep up their circulation by doing exercises and washing in cold

water. I do not call this spirit good for the country. It makes us unpopular everywhere, except in Scotland and at the North Pole.

Q. Are you taking extra precautions to keep fit, thus freeing medical equipment and personnel for sudden emergencies?

A. This hasn't been looked at from the point of view of the medical personnel, who are all hanging about by the million doing nothing, and would be *only too thankful* if I were to start a cold, an epileptic fit, or—as is mostly likely—a mental breakdown. Think it out for yourself, or ring up your doctor and ask him.

Q. Do you keep cheerful, smiling, encouraging to others and free from depression?

A. A very brief perusal of the foregoing Questions and Answers will show you that of course I don't. It will be of no help to either of us for you to assert that *you do*, because human nature is so constituted that the worse—I mean the more—you keep on smiling and being cheerful and free from depression the less you will find you succeed in being encouraging to others. You will merely let loose more Hate.

Q. Do you keep the thought of a just peace uppermost?

A. Absolutely, yes. Moreover, if you will find me any two people whose definitions of a Just Peace are identical I will willingly allot you full marks for this Paper. Do not quote Lloyd George to me, either.

We have now, I think, succeeded in establishing it beyond the shadow of a doubt that neither you nor I are Perfect Citizens.

Honestly, even before the war I never really thought we were.

E. M. D.



Obedience

THE Principal Hyena said
"Plunder and murder, rage and kill!"
And all the young hyenas sped
(Reluctantly) to do his will;
Simple and kindly German souls
Hating the very thought of wrong,
They massacred the Czechs and Poles
Through Joy in being Strong.

The King of all the Toads declared
"I am the saviour of the Danes,"
The minor toads at once prepared
To leap along the Jutland lanes.
We hate, they thought with tears half-hid,
This trail of slime we have to draw
But toads must do as toads are bid,
The Master's word is Law.

The Father of the Weasels cried
"Of all the nations on this earth
The Norsemen are the flower and pride
By privilege of race and birth.
We hang their portraits by our beds
In every gentle German home,
We love them, as we love the Reds
And our fat friend at Rome.

And if we now invade their land
And if we sink their ships at sea
The whole wide world will understand
We do so most regrettfully;
We hunt them for their health and good,
We bite them to improve their trade"—
The infant weasels understood
And went upon parade.

O lover of the German race!
I quite agree with all you say;
The German soul is filled with grace,
Its only fault is to obey.
Catch but the tiger at his feast,
The younger tigers will refrain
Until they find some fiercer beast
To bid them hunt again.

I grieve to think of all the tears
The strong Gauleiters must have wept,
The doubts, the sympathies, the fears
With which their marching armies stepped;
I know how every Hun deplores
Doing the deeds of dogs and swine,
His heart is just like mine and yours
(Though more like yours than mine).

EVOE.

From the Home Front

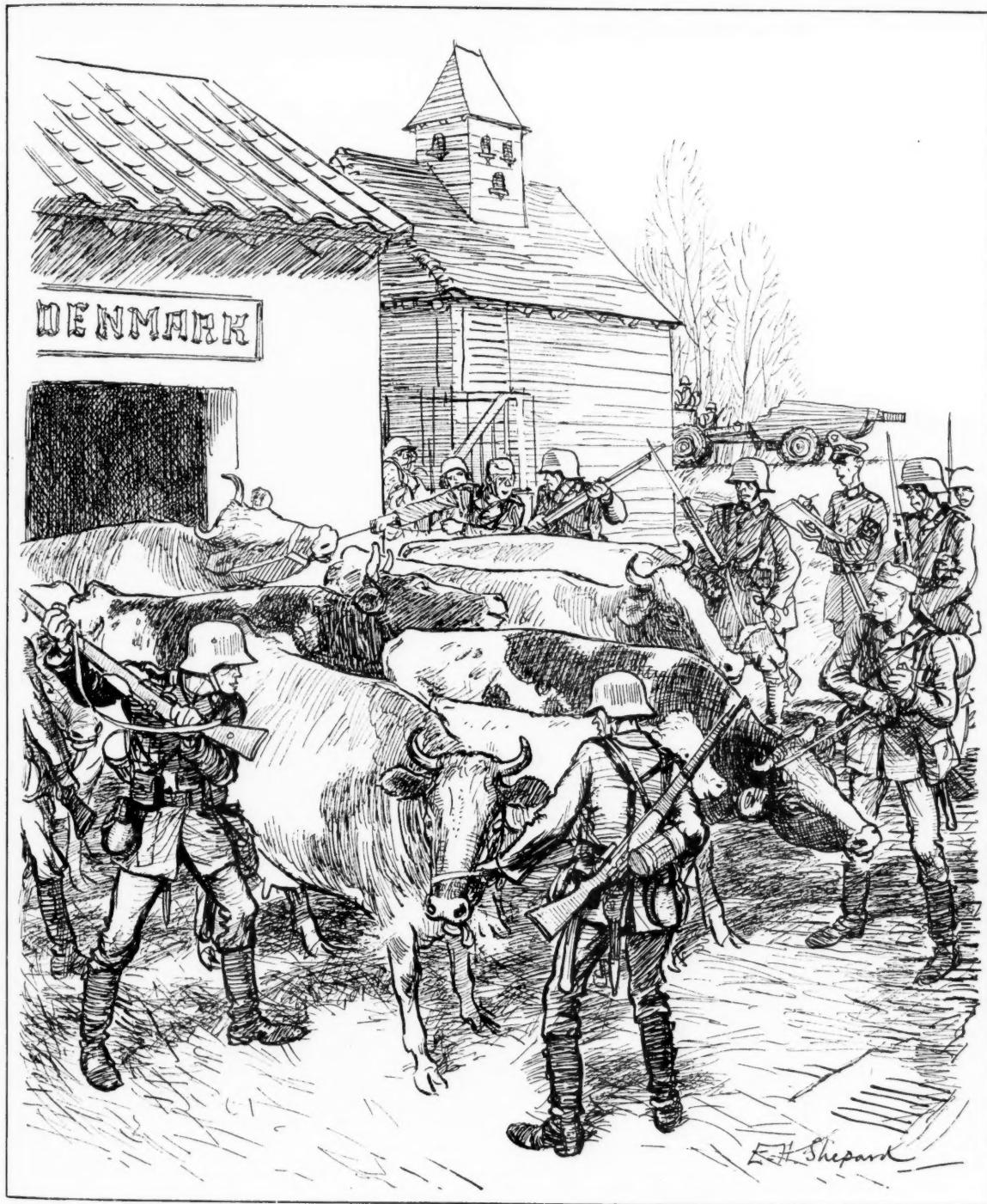
PEOPLE in this country are being worried and upset by parcels of food sent to them by friends in the United States and Brazil and other decadent republics. It fills them with baffled rage to open a box containing a pound of butter and some bacon and a tin of condensed milk, topped by a note promising oranges and, if it can be arranged, a melon next week. Admirals who stand about carelessly near the exits of hotels and get tipped by departing guests experience something of the same feeling of outrage that afflicts these recipients of charitable goods from overseas; but the latter are the more deeply wounded because it is their country's pride that has been hurt, not their own. They write to the papers about it, beginning "Can nothing be done . . . ?"

Parcels of food, from overseas or elsewhere, will be gratefully opened down here. Nazidom may if it likes seize upon this as an admission that British troops are not getting enough to eat, and Haw-Haw has my personal permission to use the statement in any way he thinks fit. A fig for Nazidom. Prunes to Haw-Haw. The fact is that the British soldier, as always, is getting too much to eat. He is embarrassed by the quantities of edible material set before him. "But what are we to do with all this butter?" we continually cry. "And the cake—look at all the cake they've sent this week!" It's just the same with the eggs and the smoked salmon and rice and cheese and pickled onions and tinned soups and caviare; we don't know where to store the stuff. So if Haw-Haw says we are drinking cabbage-water (I mean as a general thing; we aren't talking about last Friday when there was that muddle over the dixies) and rooting about for husks in the woods and fields, take no notice of the man. Any such statement would, in the Prime Minister's noble phrase, be a pure invention and have no foundation in fact. But parcels of food, from overseas or elsewhere, will be gratefully opened down here.

Somebody pointed out, in a letter to *The Daily Telegraph* (probably) the other day, that we aren't taking this war seriously enough. There is too much pleasure and golf and nudity going on. So let's be gloomy and intelligent about this food-parcel business; I mean intelligent in a gloomy sort of way, balancing this against that and coming to the conclusion that, though victory is of course assured, we may easily lose the war on the way to it if we don't put a stop to this stream of bacon and eggs from Brazil and New York.

The crux—nub, if you like—of the whole business is that neutrals, with their pernicious habit of listening to German propaganda, are getting the impression that hardly any merchant ships destined for Britain ever arrive there, and that as a result we are practically living on our memories. Hence the parcels of food, to keep a friend or relative alive—and presumably sent by Air Mail, or tied up in cork and thrown into the Gulf Stream. The rotten thing is that if neutrals are allowed to go on thinking we are short of food they lose faith in us and we lose the war. Prestige, and so forth. That is why our newspapers are always pointing out how well we are doing.

Now there are, so far as I know, two suggested ways of counteracting Nazi propaganda on this subject and letting the world know that British men and women are still over-eating as they have over-eaten for the last nine hundred years. There are photographs. Photographs of shops full of sides of bacon, photographs of fish on marble slabs—oodles of fish, photographs of piles of wheat, pyramids of sugar, cascades of tea, photographs of fat men eating enormous beefsteaks, photographs of thin men waving away



THE HEROES' REWARD
OR BUTTER AS WELL AS GUNS



"I'd like to have shown you the men too, Sir, but I've given 'em a day's leave in honour of my promotion."

a second go of roast pork, photographs (it may be) of men of this very unit begging their commanding officer to cut out the entrée and get right ahead with the pheasant. The second method is broadcasting. It is thought that a microphone set up in one of our popular eating-houses (Simpson's in the Strand, perhaps) would bring home forcibly to the foreigner how the British make ready for total war. The pleasant clatter of knife and fork, the eager cries for a third helping, the satisfied sighs of repletion at the end, all this it is felt would paint an unforgettable picture in the minds of a listening world.

Would it? I don't know whether I think less on the whole of the second method than the first, but I think precious little of either. Anybody can take photographs of fish; they prove nothing. And as for broadcasting, those who didn't switch off at once (either because they were hungry and couldn't bear it, or not hungry and ditto) would probably come to the conclusion that the thing was faked, as indeed it probably would be.

If I am asked whether I have anything better to suggest, I reply modestly, yes. I suggest that we send parcels of food to Germany, where by all accounts they would be welcome. I don't see that anything could make it clearer to the neutrals (always assuming that there are any by the time this gets into print) which side had too much food and which hadn't enough. We could even drop sausages and oranges and potatoes on Berlin from aeroplanes. At the worst they would hurt more than leaflets. H. F. E.

○ ○

Neat Timing

"P.C. —— was commended at Stockport to-day for his smartness in arresting a man exactly 11 years after an offence was committed." —*Manchester Paper*.

Wapping: Conversation Piece

'Lo, Ginger . . . 'Lo, Mike . . .
Where you been this long while
Since you an' me was in the ol' *Mona's Isle*? . . .
Oh, jus' moseyin' around like. . . .

Ever see anything o' the ol' ship? . . .
Aye, sailed in 'er myself las' trip . . .
You did? . . . Aye. She's gone, Fritz sunk 'er;
Shoved a tin fish in 'er starboard bunker
An' down she went like a stone—
Quickest thing ever I known. . . .

Was there any more o' the ol' crowd in 'er? . . . A few—
You'd remember the mate, ol' Mister Bell? . . .
Aye, I do. . . .

Well—
An' all them little birds he used to keep
(Nice little singers they was, it was a treat to 'ear 'em
When you was anywhere near 'em)—
Remember 'ow the Ol' Man used to raise merry 'ell
'Cause they sung that loud they sp'iled his sleep? . . .
Aye . . . Well, 'e's gone too. . . .

Well, reckon I'll be pushin' along, Mike, tootle-oo. . . .
Me too . . .
Time I was lookin' out for another berth . . . Same 'ere . . .
Ain't goin' to stop at 'ome to please Jerry, like . . .?
No bloomin' fear . . .
Well, s'long, Ginger . . . S'long, Mike . . .

C. F. S.

West Africa and the War

MOST people in Chief Pominik's village know that the tribes of Inglan are at war with one another.

Inglan is the place whence all white people come. Some of its tribes were known to Pominik's forbears. There were the Potakeys, the Dutessis and the Dents—or, in the unwieldy Ingleshi tongue, the Portuguese, the Dutch and the Danes. These tribes came, built forts and went. Little else is remembered of the Potakeys and the Dutessis, but the Dents were the fathers of the Deng-gun, or flint-lock, which some hunters still use. Later came the Big Ingleshi who are still here and are the Govmett. To our Togoland neighbours came the Djamans, and these were displaced some twenty years ago by the Fenchis. The Govmett of the Fenchis is more tiresome than that of the Big Ingleshi, for they require their subjects to wear round the neck a thing like a penny called a lampo—or *l'impôt*. The wearer has to buy this lampo for an exorbitant sum. It is therefore unwise to visit Togoland, for the stranger may be mistaken for a native of the place and chased by lampo-inspectors.

The Fenchis, it is understood, are now helping the Big Ingleshi to fight the Djamans. No doubt the Fenchis will eventually hang lampos round the Djamans' necks.

The war began, according to the catechist who visits Chief Pominik's village once a month, when the Djamans broke a town in Inglan. The name of the town was Polan. The catechist also reported that the people of Inglan were all wearing their heads in curious bags to keep out the bad smells which the Djamans made. These smells, he explained, were shot out of guns.

The catechist inclines to the belief, now widely held in West Africa, especially among the scholars where it originated, that the Djamans, by means of some devilish, secret machinery, caused the earthquakes which did so much damage last year.

A Djaman named Hitler, who is not of royal blood, is the cause of all the trouble. The catechist prays—most earnestly, he says—that Hitler may soon repent. Chief Pominik would have Hitler quite simply shot with a Deng-gun. Were Hitler in West Africa, even if he hid himself from Deng-guns, some capable medicine-man would make a medicine which, if secretly

smeared on Hitler's doorstep with the proper rites, would cause him, when he stepped on it, promptly to die. Pominik has been toying with a scheme whereby Govmett might pay the passage to Inglan of a good practitioner to carry out this useful work. It was pointed out that the worker would be betrayed by his non-Aryan complexion, so Pominik has modified his original scheme and would set the medicine-man to train one of the Ingleshi for the job. It is amazing that the Ingleshi, so brilliant in other fields, should be so pitifully ignorant of the more useful branches of medicine.

In the big coastal towns the scholars are also thinking vigorously about Hitler. When Hitler said that black men were no better than apes he himself did all the anti-German propaganda necessary among scholars. They held mass-meetings to express their indignation and the West African Press printed such headlines as

KOKOMLEMLI UNANIMOUSLY CONDEMN'S
GERMANY'S FOREIGN POLICY.

Quotations from West Africa's loyal newspapers and West Africa's loyal orators are printed on posters by the Govmett's Department of Information and the posters are sent to all chiefs. Pominik nails his on the outside wall of his house, and very fine they look, though the catechist carpingly complains that some of them are upside down.

Most of the messages are about

Freedom, Peace, Justice and Steadfastness, but one of them enshrines the Govmett's sole recorded attempt at humour. It is a quotation from a speech by Miss Coralita Lamptey, an African lady scholar, and proclaims:

WE AFRICAN WOMEN DO NOT KNOW HOW TO FIRE GUNS, BUT WE CAN COOK, AND IF HITLER CAME HERE WE WOULD SCRATCH HIS FACE.

This poster was delivered to Chief Pominik in the usual way by two smartly polished escort—policemen, smartly saluting, and there was no outward indication that Govmett was being funny. The catechist, who happened to be about, gravely translated the words to the chief's staff-bearer and explained that they were an Ingleshi proverb meaning that Hitler would in due time be reduced to a status far lower than that of a woman. The staff-bearer passed on the comforting message to the chief, the chief caused the policemen to be thanked, the policemen saluted and departed. The poster was added to the others on the wall. It is in handsome green print and gives the wall a dashing scholarly look.

Maybe Govmett rushed out to meet the returning policemen with the eager inquiry, "How did it go down?" At any rate there have been no further attempts at official humour and it is a fact that the head of the colony's Department of Information has now gone to another colony, possibly in disgrace, possibly out of chagrin.

It must not be supposed, however, that Pominik's village is alive only to the solemn side of the war. A few weeks ago the colony's Defence Force camped not far away. The younger villagers all went to watch the soldiers build a bridge and had the gorgeous good fortune to see one of the Ingleshi officers fall into the river and be rescued by his subordinates. They came and reported the incident to their chief. What pleased Pominik most was to hear that the Ingleshi officers all laughed loudly at their wet brother.

But he grew a shade thoughtful on learning that the soldiers who performed the rescue did not laugh. This was a clear case of cruel hardship in the ranks not shared by the officers, in fact a case of race-discrimination. "It is beyond all things hard for a man," he said, "when his belly wants to laugh and his face must not laugh. A black soldier's life is hard indeed."



"I must apologise for being just under an hour late with the News."

Fables from the Ish

(The fabulist was an elderly Ish poet called O, who, it appears, had travelled extensively in China, but who does not seem to have paid much attention to details while he was there. Either that, or he was having his countrymen on; for the fables about China which he wrote on his return bristle with peculiar misstatements. I have ventured to translate three of them here, misstatements and all. Like all Ish fables—indeed, like the poet himself—they have no morals. Art for art's sake.)

THE EMPEROR, THE MAN, AND THE YAK

AN enlightened, progressive and eueptic Emperor was once much astonished by a man who entered his presence riding on a yak.

"Whose yak is that?" inquired the Emperor of those who stood about him. One of them replied with a bilious glance, "I gather, Eminence, that it is the man's own yak."

The man clambered down from his yak and hitched it to a Court poet in the vicinity. He then approached the Emperor, bowing low.

"Eminence," he began in a hoarse but respectful tone, "I have ventured to approach you on a yak in order to focus your attention on what I believe to be my wrongs. In the first place——"

"My good Sir," the Emperor interrupted, "you have merely succeeded in focusing my attention on your yak. I am entertained by its appearance. Kindly go away, my good Sir, and submit the tale of your wrongs in writing, on one side of the papyrus only. Leave your yak behind," he added in an off-hand manner.

The man went away and presently sent a list of his wrongs, among which the Emperor was interested to observe an impassioned description of the loss of a yak.

THE LADY, THE DUKE, AND THE CARP

ATENDER-HEARTED lady was much affected by the look in the eyes of a carp.

Her husband was a Duke of the province and she found him practising slashes with his great two-handed sword.

"Is there anybody you would like executed, my dear?" he asked, panting and continuing to leap about. "I will give the matter my personal attention."

The lady told him about the look in the eyes of the carp, and he ceased to slash and looked puzzled.

"What carp?" he said, wiping his forehead. "I never knew we had a carp."

"My lord, we have about a hundred and fifty-two dozen head of carp," declared the lady.

"Dear me," said the Duke, astonished. "We seem to be overrun with carp. I must have a man in to put that right. How are we off for tench?"

"I believe we have no tench," the lady replied.

"Quite right too," said the Duke, and he began to leap about again, practising slashes with his great sword.

"My lord," said the lady, raising her voice a little, "about the look in the eyes of the carp——"

"Charge it to my account," panted the Duke absently.

THE MANDARIN, THE BRIDGE, AND THE MAGICIAN

AVERY stout magician was called in by a mandarin, who lived on an island, to put a spell on a bridge.

"I wish you to bewitch this bridge," said the mandarin, "so that only members of my family can walk across it."

The magician put the tips of his fingers together. "I take it," he said, "that we have fully considered the problem of the boy who delivers the groceries?"

"Certainly we have," replied the mandarin. "The boy who delivers the groceries rides across the bridge on a small discouraged-looking horse."

"Very well. I shall need hot water," said the magician.

The hot water was brought, and he put a spell on the bridge. Just as he was finishing a thought entered the head of the mandarin, who cried out "Stop a minute!"

"It is all over," the magician said, drying his hands on a piece of decorated fabric. "The bridge is now impassable, except to members of your family and the small discouraged-looking horse of the boy who delivers the groceries."

With a look of the greatest concern the mandarin inquired "How long will the spell last?"

"For three years," replied the magician, "or the duration of the horse."

The mandarin looked thoughtfully at the contours of the magician, who read his mind. "You are thinking," the magician remarked, "that being too solidly built for any horse I shall have to stay here too. Quite right. I might, of course," he added, "marry into the family."

"Or we might, on the other hand," said the mandarin some minutes later, leading his wife and three daughters briskly over the bridge, "move."

The magician spent a happy month by himself, eating the mandarin's plums. When they were all gone he swam across the river and presented his extremely large bill for bewitching the bridge.

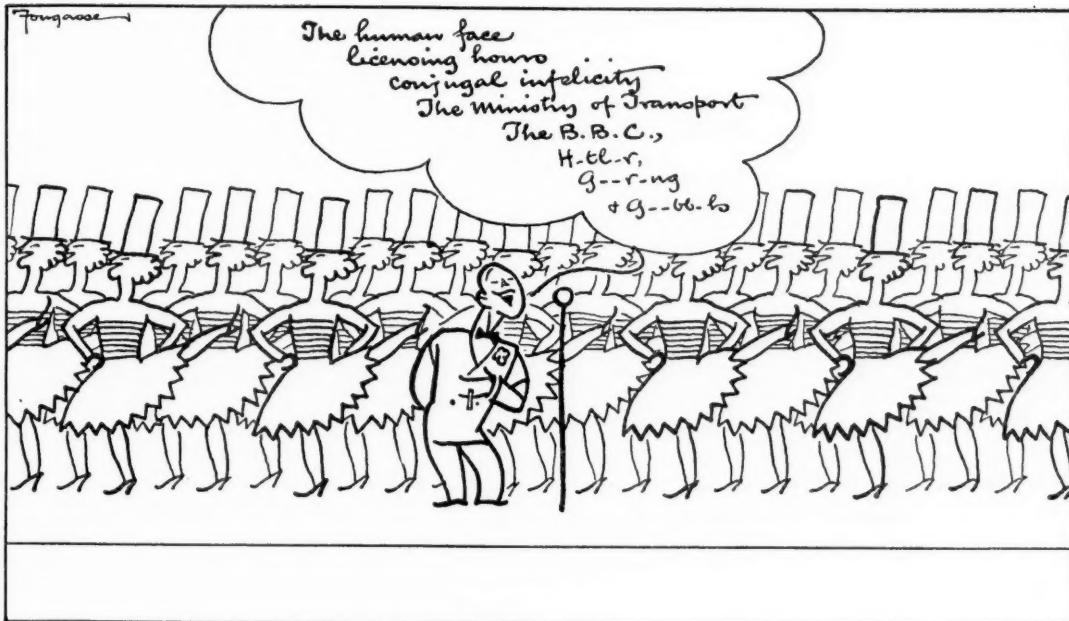
R. M.



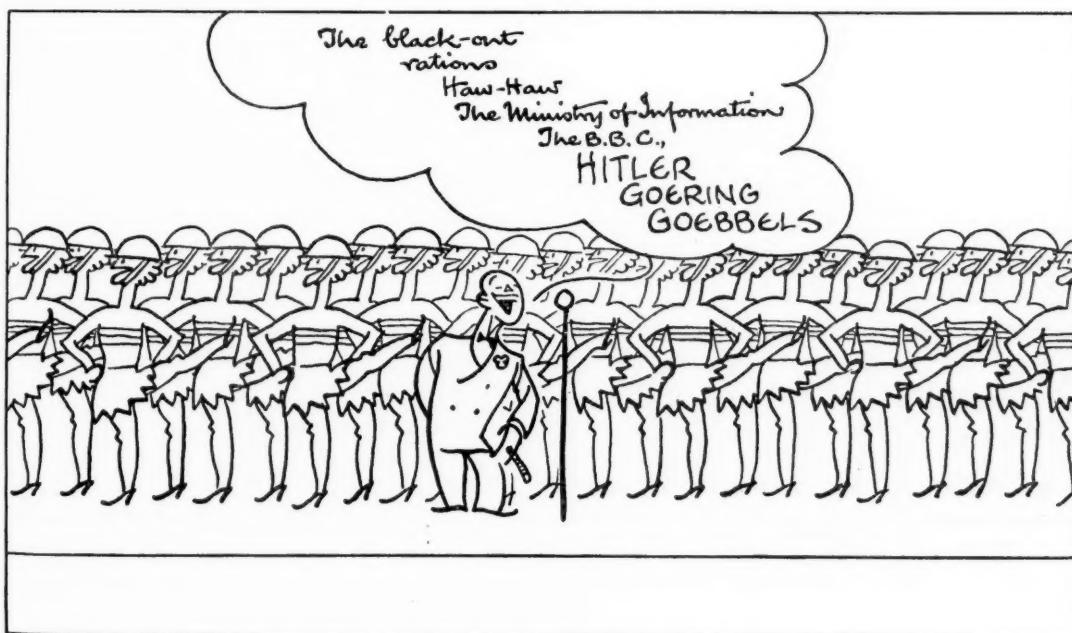
"Ye-e-es, you need a nine-and-a-half Mr. Perkins,
I can see it in your eyes."

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

XXXII.—CABARET



1



2



"Ob, Miss Pennyfeather, I worship the seeds you tread on."

Behind the Lines

XXIX.—Spring Offensive

MY Muse, though anxious to discuss
“The Spring Offensive: Where?
And When?”
Agrees that it is not for us
To drive too ponderous a pen.
So, therefore, we proceed to sing,
Without a “By your leave” or “Pardon,”
About the *most* offensive spring
Which occupies the garden.

There is, of course, a Spring as sung
By poets in immortal song
Too much recited by the young,
With all the intonations wrong;
A Spring which, in the poet’s mind,
Is always (somehow) doing nicely;
The one which isn’t far behind
If Winter comes. Precisely.

And Winter came. No hope to hide
Its havoc, or avert the blame.
Six Censors standing side by side
Would see at once that Winter came.
Six Censors standing in a row
Would pass for instant publication
The casualty lists which show
The Winter’s animation.

Wordsworth, a man of simple tastes,
Would give no cottage garden up
Which bore amid its blackened wastes
One unpretentious Buttercup.
He found “the meanest flower” divine,
He was, to take an instance, crazy
Upon the Lesser Celandine,
And crackers on the Daisy.

For me, alert to Nature’s spell
But with responses more controlled,
The Hairy Pokeweed rings no bell,
The Bulbous Crowfoot leaves me cold.
It was for Wallflowers, warm and gay,
Now withered, that my soul was thirsting . . .
I merely look the other way
When told the Bugwort’s bursting.

Yet hope is not completely dead;
Amid grim spaces, bleached and bare,
The Polyanthus lifts a head,
And Daffodils are here and there.
My loved Rock-roses may be Hel—
(Wait for it, madam) *Helianthemum*,
But in the autumn—who can tell?—
We *might* have a Chrysanthemum.

So much for that. By no intent
I reach the burden of my song
Five verses later than I meant,
But still, thank Heaven, going strong.
Chance willed it so. I strive to tell
In rhyme, if not for any reason,
The truth about a spring (or well)
And not about a season.

So here it is. Let’s get it right.
A spring beneath the putting-lawn
Which bubbles gaily, day and night,
From dawn to eve, from eve to dawn,
Has left it a tenacious bog
Which holds, as far as we can figure,
One ornamental seat, the dog,
Three golf-balls and a jigger. A. A. M.

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Digest

TRY THIS IN YOUR BUSINESS

THE Brown Garage of South Gittings, Mo., has discovered that it shocks a customer to get a bill suddenly. To lessen that shock and so improve business relations they don’t mail the bill out of a blue sky, when the customer least expects it. They send a postcard first, saying “Bill coming soon, Big Boy.”

Rita Grummel, in “Business Can Be Cute.”

HOW TO GET A JOB THAT ISN’T THERE CONDENSED FROM “SNIP” BY JACK PULQUE

Most young fellows think a job has to exist before they can grab it. Tommyrot. The way to get a job is to sneak up and build a fence round it *before* it exists. In other words, to *conceive* it. The early bird didn’t know a thing. He waited for worms to turn up. Poppycock. He should have read *How to Make Worms* and my other inspiring books. Worms are not where you find them any more than grammar is. They are where you darn well tell them to be. BINGO . . . like that.

Take young Jean McGill. Go on, don’t be scared, take her! What did she do when she wanted a job? Did she line up at Macy’s? Balderdash. She lined up at Wanamaker’s. But she didn’t line up with the rest of the girls. No, Sir. She lined up all by herself and stayed there for days, until somebody asked her what in hell she was lining up all by herself like that for. Then Jean sprang her big surprise. “I’m muscling in on this joint,” she said in a confident bell-like tone. Everybody was so impressed they sent for a set of executives, who asked Jean to clarify her position. “My position?” she said. “I’m your new

personality girl at \$200.00 a week." And who could say her nay? Be like Jean. Yes, you can. Exceptional? Fiddlesticks.

DID YOU SAY THIS? (XLVII)

"Tsk, tsk," he tehted.—*Emerson*.

"Take that," he slugged, his fists quick as lime.—*Henderson*.

"This is very sloe gin," she muttered, "I can still move my feet."—*Jefferson*.

The snow was falling thick as thieves.—*Sanderson*.

I MARRIED A SHRINER

CONDENSED FROM "HOME TRUTHS" (ANONYMOUS)

When I married Bert he didn't tell me. I discovered it myself. I was going through his chest of drawers one day, pretending I thought he needed a wife to go through his chest of drawers. I didn't mind the bottle I found there; it tasted fine. But all of a sudden I found a purple fez and a little purple jacket and a pair of purple plus-fours. My eyes went all blurry. I had married a Shriner. When Bert got home I was still shaking, but I didn't say anything. I felt maybe I'd get used to the idea. And maybe I will. All the same, I don't want my kiddies to be little Shriners. And maybe I can do something for other girls by writing this article. Maybe I can warn them in advance. There ought to be some way a girl could go through her husband's chest of drawers before she married him.

KEEPING YOUR TEMPER PAYS CASH DIVIDENDS

CONDENSED FROM "HARD TIMES," BY MILDRED GUDGEON

One day my son Johnny came in and said "For Pete's sake there's no more peanut butter whata's matter with this screwy house anyway." We had been noticing his increasing bad temper for weeks. My husband said "Look here, son, do you realise that every time you lose your temper you burn up the equivalent of half a pound of peanut butter? Maybe that's where the peanut butter has been going lately." Since then we have been noticing a lot of little things like that around the house, and our tempers have improved, and I can scarcely exaggerate the saving it has been. My husband found that if he kept his temper all morning at the office he could get by on one lunch instead of two, and also it increased his self-confidence and self-respect, thus putting more ring into his voice and enabling him to speak lower and save about fifty cents' worth of sales-energy a day. And it is fun keeping your temper, you'll find. It becomes a kind of hobby. We have all Johnny's little friends doing it now, and often I look out of the window and watch them keeping their tempers, and really, their faces are a study. When you brighten up your neighbourhood this spring, why not begin with the faces of your neighbours' kiddies?

POINTS OF VIEW

There is something so selfish about generosity, I think.

Mary Elkins Pibble, in "I Married an Elk."

Modern life has so little thought in it. I mean really deep throbbing thought, the good old-fashioned cogitation we used to get on the farm. Sometimes I go whole days without thinking at all.

Sally Pipkin Dace, in "I Married a Skunk."

One of our great troubles to-day is that we are always trying to size people up. If you size a man up you won't like him. So why try? Why not leave him alone? Why not think everybody is just great? Not waiters and chambermaids of course, but most other folks. When you meet somebody, try to think he is the greatest personality you ever met. Maybe he isn't really, but if you think he is, then he is as far as you are concerned.—*Sarah Bland Stoe, in "I Didn't Marry Anybody That I Can Think of Right Now."*

IT ISN'T WHAT YOU EAT

CONDENSED FROM "ASEPSIS," BY DR. JOHN LENTIL,
UNIVERSITY OF BOZODIL

"One man's meat is another man's poison? Not at all. Far from it. One man's meat is everybody's meat, if there is enough to go round. Go ahead, eat what you like. Away with diets and such fads." These were the amazing words of Dr. Herbert Strinkel, a prominent physician of Denver, speaking to the American Society of Food Engineers. Dr. Strinkel has discovered, by means of a series of fascinating experiments on hypnotised weasels, that it does not make any difference what kind of food forms your daily intake. "Did you ever hear a goat mention diet?" laughed the doctor. "Why are all we like sheep so different from goats?" He bit off a mouthful of newspaper and chewed it with relish. "No," said the doctor, "it is not what we eat, but what we *do* to what we eat down there in the stomach . . . that's the big thing."

AND THEN THEY GOT MARRIED (XXXIX)

The Sultan of Morocco once saw Brigham Young posting across the desert on a fleet-footed camel. "Ah, there, Brigham," he shouted, "got any traders?"

SCIENCE PLAYS HOSTESS

CONDENSED FROM "KNOW MORE," BY GEORGE SHIM

At the annual meeting of the American Institute of Scientific Progress, the reception committee put on what the newspapers hailed as an intriguing stunt. Actually it was a prophecy, and a very conservative one, of what every home in the country will be like ten years from now. The committee built a House of the Future in which they threw a Party of the Future. The house was made entirely of macadamised rubber. There were no windows. "Why have windows in the House of the Future?" asked the architect, S. Gorley Judd—"there won't be anything to look at through them." The lighting was all done with the new under-carpet system, which allows faint beams to filter up through the rugs. When these beams hit the ceiling they are intensified and thrown back again by means of cadmium mirrors. The air system was almost uncanny. When unoccupied, the house was devoid of air, thus saving money and also aiding in the preservation of antiques, pickles, etc. But the moment anyone came in the front door, draughtless gusts of perfumed air, properly dampened and then wiped dry again, filled the house. The air being heated by means of health-giving rays, there was no need of a furnace. It would take several volumes to describe the furniture, which was made of solidified wheat; the walls, which were decorated not with photomurals but with motion-picture murals in ever-changing variety; and so on. The Party of the Future entirely suited this wonder house. There were no servants. Food and drink appeared as if by magic through holes in the wall. And what food! Everyone's taste was considered; for example, there was tasteless cheese for those who did not care for cheese. The drinks were made on the premises. A few logs of pulpwood were mashed, brewed and distilled, and then into the resulting alcohol was thrown a little pepper and other flavouring, and *voilà!* a fine old French brandy. "There is no time like the present for living in the future!" cried the President of the Institute. The future is the present for the man of science.

SO IT BEGAN THAT WAY, HEY? WELL, WELL

(XXXIII)

The practice of wearing boots on the feet began in Saxony in 40 B.C. Since then many people have worn many kinds of boots. Next time you buy a pair of boots, how about pretending you are a Saxon in 40 B.C.?

John Stiggle Hoy, in "Facts I Used to Know."



Hostess. "My dears! What I say is, who's going to pay for all this?"
Guests. "You do mean the war, don't you?"

Friday the Thirteenth

LAST Friday was not the thirteenth of the month. But it was such a near thing that I thought of the old days when I belonged, a little anxiously, to a Thirteen Club; and especially of that far Friday when, very anxiously, I took the Thirteen Club to sea.

I am not superstitious, but I don't go about in search of omens to flout. I will walk boldly under a ladder: but I don't look for ladders. The Thirteen Club grew out of an accident. There were thirteen merry fellows eating at the "Prospect of Whitby" one Friday the thirteenth: the thing became a habit—and a Club—and there it was.

We always met on Friday the thirteenth, flouting the omens in every possible way. An unavoidable ladder stood in the narrow passage to the side door of the Prospect. On the table all

the knives were crossed. We helped each other to salt. We drank to each other's ill-health, decay and decline. At the end of the table sat a skeleton, in evening-dress.

And by degrees the Ill-Omened Brothers acquired a sinister uniform. Peacock's feathers in the button-holes—ties of a sickening green (I have mine still)—black bérets—and (I can't remember why) red Breton fisherman's trousers.

I did the drill, as I have said, a little anxiously; and at first, after these feasts, I used to hurry home expecting to find the house in flames.

But nothing happened; and they were merry meetings in that great room over the river. The ships came in and anchored outside; the lights began to twinkle from the docks. We ate salt-beef and plum-duff; we sang very

loudly; and I believe there may have been beer.

Then, one day, as summer approached, I rashly suggested that our next meeting might be held on my boat; and this was agreed. The Club were to embark at Hammersmith, and after eating I was to convey the Club down to Westminster.

Great preparations were made. The caterers sent a man in evening-dress, many hampers, and a great many shiny spoons and forks. And, because a famous pianist was one of us, somebody sent a harmonium. This, with some difficulty, was put on board and placed in the cockpit forward, with the anchor.

That week Sir Henry Segrave (was it?) had been, in vain, attacking the speed-record on Lake Windermere. That morning I read in the paper that

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Sir Henry was not going to be deterred by Friday the thirteenth from trying again. That evening, about six o'clock, I read in the paper that Sir Henry Segrave had lost his life.

That evening, about 6.30, the Thirteen Club hammered at my door, terrible with peacock's feathers and bilious neck-ties. And I had promised to take them for a trip on tideway.

I did it. But was I conscious of my responsibilities? I was. The old boat looked rather like an Ark, and she bore that title among the disrespectful. She was flat-bottomed. She had one not very formidable engine, and a propeller rather high in the water. A large crowd watched the thirteen red-legs embark, and we steamed slowly away. Very slowly. The pianist at once sat down at the harmonium in the bows; most of the Ill-Omened Brothers gathered round him; and most of the propeller came out of the water and feebly thrashed the air. But the tide carried us about a quarter of a mile, and we anchored for the feast.

This went merrily. There was the usual sinister (and, to the Master of the vessel, alarming) ritual. The caterer's man, who had not, I think, been on the water before, shared the Master's anxieties, and refused with horror to be a party to the crossing of knives. He could not prevent the helping of salt, the drinking of hostile toasts, the whistling of unlucky tunes. Another crowd collected ashore. But no ship ran us down, as I expected; nor did the bottom fall out of the boat.

After supper the caterer's man, to his ill-disguised delight, was put ashore: and I, with no enthusiasm at all, prepared to discharge the second part of the contract. I had undertaken to convey this ill-omened company to Westminster, eight miles away; they had all had a beer or two, and dusk was falling.

Well, we got the anchor up and hung it on the harmonium and we started for Westminster on the first of the ebb. The Ill-Omened Brothers were now a little less amenable to discipline than they had been; they *all* congregated round the harmonium, forward, singing lustily; and the *whole* of the propeller emerged from the water. Nor could any orders or blandishments induce one of the crew to come aft.

We travelled noisily and slowly thus, the Master praying, for about half a mile.

The Master then went forward, and, catching Ill-Omened Brother Church between songs, spoke thus:

"I am sorry, but at this rate we shall not reach Westminster before the end

of 'permitted hours' on licensed premises in the said Division. The Master is game for anything, but in view of everything, etc., would you like to be landed while the landing is good?"

"Yes," responded the debonair architect. "Let's go back."

It was impossible to go back, for the ship would not make an inch against the tide. But we sidled across the river and anchored thankfully under Hammersmith Mall. Thankfully, in loud relays, we put the Brothers ashore; thankfully we saw the last red-trousered climb up the ladder. We had defied the omens with unmerited success; we had survived the most anxious voyage in history.

But we spoke a little too soon.

One Gordon, a friend but not a Thirteener, had kindly acted as mate throughout the grim proceedings. He was thankful too, but a little mutinous. He now said: "I've had about enough of your perilous men-friends. What about a little female society for refreshment and consolation?"

Masses of food remained; and it was accordingly arranged that he should go to the old Lyric Theatre and invite some lady-friends of ours to supper after the show. He took the dinghy (a solid fourteen-foot sailing-boat) and presently returned with two ladies, avid for supper. But one of them had arranged for a husband to come to sea too, and Gordon went back for him, rowing up-river, against the tide.

The night was cloudy but moony, if you know what I mean. Presently, looking out of the cabin, I saw the dark shape of the dinghy sliding down on the ebb. I gave Gordon a hail. He

did not answer. I called "You've been quick!" No answer again.

When the boat was almost abreast of us, I realised what had happened. She was empty. Gordon had not pulled her far enough up the shore and the wash of some tug had taken her off.

Anyhow, there she was, sliding swiftly past us into the night about ten yards away. My beloved sailing-dinghy—and more than that. For I had two ladies aboard (one with a husband), and without the dinghy I could not put them ashore, unless they liked to jump off and wade.

I acted. I acted swiftly—I think I acted rightly. There was no swimming-suit aboard. I thrust the ladies into the cabin, shut the door on them, tore off my clothes, dived in and swam after the boat.

And now Friday the thirteenth struck its second blow. I caught the boat at the beginning of the Mall, where the street-lamps are (or were, in the days of peace). I caught her just as she passed out of a more or less decent duskiness into the area of a particularly brilliant street-lamp.

I did not notice this as, intent upon the chase, I eagerly climbed into the boat.

Did I say "eagerly?" If I did, I did not mean swiftly. It is never easy to climb out of the water into a boat swiftly, or gracefully. Some people cannot do it at all. It is even more difficult to make such an embarkation elegant when one has nothing on.

That, however, might not have mattered in the ordinary way. A policeman and a wandering couple or two might have witnessed the inelegant scene, no more.

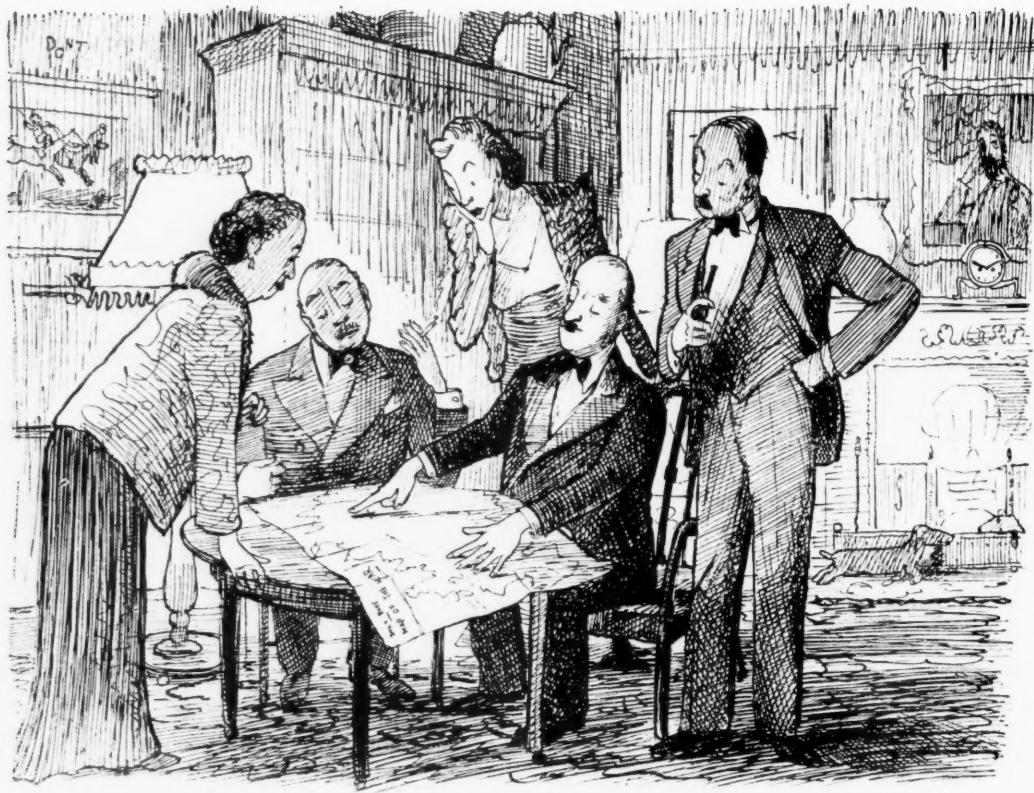
But Friday the thirteenth had a third shot in its locker. Dear Mrs. Smith-Wessel, whose house is close to the lamp-post already mentioned, happened that night to be giving one of her rare and highly distinguished literary parties. It was a hot night. No curtains were drawn. A blaze of light shone from the windows: at every window was a thick clump of ladies and gentlemen in evening-dress admiring the beauty of the river scene and discussing the literary associations of the neighbourhood. And presently, before their astonished gaze, brilliantly illuminated, and rowing very slowly against the tide, there passed one of the literary associations of the neighbourhood, stark naked.

I forgot what happened exactly after that. But I know that there was trouble with the husband when we met at last. And I have always thought that Friday the thirteenth won.

A. P. H.



"I'm not going to have people turning round and blaming me if we don't win this damned war."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

A TENDENCY TO TURN INTO MILITARY STRATEGISTS

A Scholar-Poet["Weazands are sausage-skins made from the windpipes of cows."—*The Times*.]

TO one who is sadly aware of a wide incompleteness
In high education, in dark and mysterious lore,
What glory is there, not to mention what glamour and
sweetness

In picking up something he never could get at before!
Take weazands; how long have they baffled my deepest
research;

Yet here, in the organ on which I'm accustomed to
browse,

I light on a luminous statement as large as a church:

*Weazands are sausage-skins made from the windpipes of
cows.*

The lover of poetry up in his Shakespeare and Shelley,
Keats, Tennyson, Milton and so forth, to name but a few,
How rich is the glow in his heart—I had almost said "belly"—
When some new perfection explodes on him out of the
blue!

A line and no more can awaken his liveliest bliss;
One moment 'twas not, and the next it is here to arouse
Fresh warmth in the place that I've mentioned; and here
we have this:

*Weazands are sausage-skins made from the windpipes of
cows.*

But what of that seeker of learning and lover of beauty
Who gets the two bundled together, instruction enshrined
In verse such as this? If it doesn't appear to you fruity
The trouble's your own, and I don't like the state of your
mind.

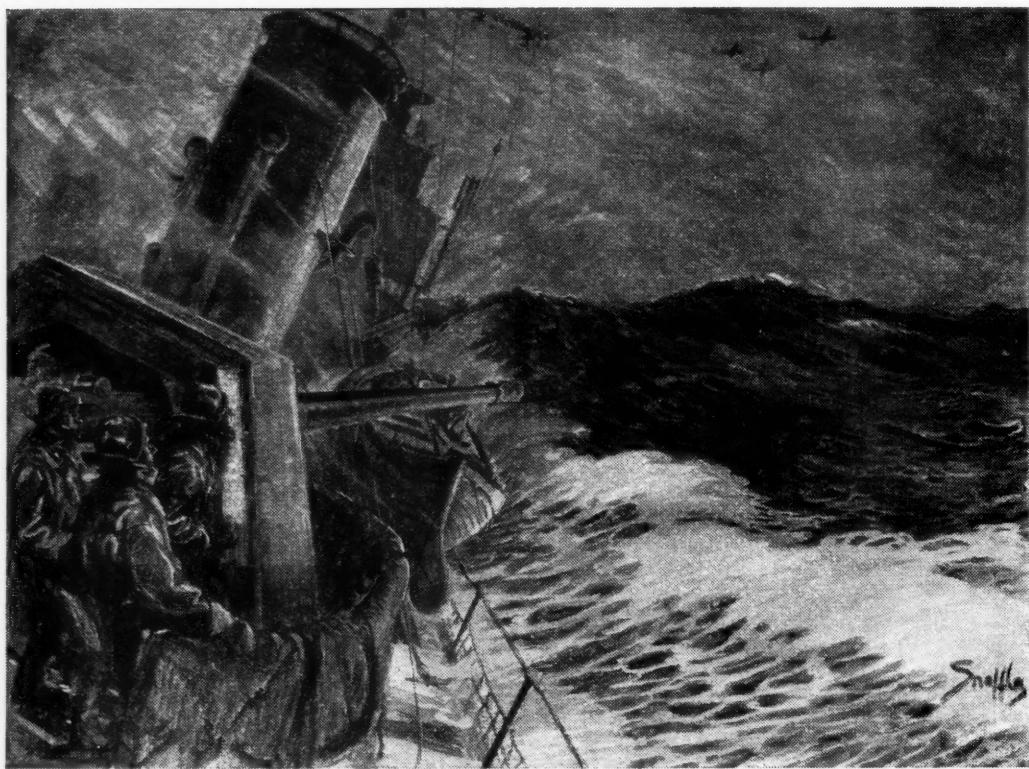
And you, scholar-poet, continue, and may you e'en grow
In richness: and meanwhile I offer the deepest of
bows

To one who could bring off a double like this at first go:
*Weazands are sausage-skins made from the windpipes of
cows.*

DUM-DUM.



JEKYLL AND HYDE



"Lawful Occasions"

Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

YOU are asked to think of the Navy at sea, the men in the trenches, the men flying, mine-sweepers, searchlight posts, anti-aircraft stations. All are in exposed, cold, wet situations. They need Balaclava helmets, sea-boot stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waist-coats.

Apart from these, the Hospitals need supplies for the wounded,

medical and surgical appliances of every kind.

Our Fund has already bought and distributed a large amount of raw material to be made into comforts for men serving and for Hospital patients, but there is demand for much more.

If you can spare a contribution will you please address it to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

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Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Tuesday, April 9th.—Commons: P.M.'s Statement on Invasion of Norway and Denmark. Agricultural Wages Bill given Third Reading.

Wednesday, April 10th.—Lords: Poultry.

Commons: P.M.'s Statement on Naval Battle. Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill given Third Reading. Debate on Appointments to Civil Service.

Thursday, April 11th.—Lords: Statement on Scandinavian battles. Debate on allowances to unmarried wives.

Commons: Statement by First Lord on Scandinavian battles.

Tuesday, April 9th.—Every corner of the Commons was crammed with Members anxious to hear from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the latest news from Norway and Denmark. The galleries creaked under their load of Distinguished Strangers, who almost made up a League of Nations in themselves.

The P.M. began by recalling how, on March 19th, he had said of the future of Norway and Sweden that "Nothing will or can save them but a determination to defend themselves and to join with others who are ready to aid them in their defence." A situation had since developed, he went on, in which the German Government had reserved the right to destroy neutral ships while insisting on the letter of international law where it could be to their own advantage. Having decided that this could not go on, the Allies had laid minefields in Norwegian waters which would hamper German traffic without interfering with normal Norwegian trade; at no time had they considered the occupation of Scandinavian territory so long as it was not a victim of German aggression, and German stories to the contrary were pure invention. Now Germany had decided to "take over the protection"—at this the House laughed heartily—of Norway and Denmark, and this morning the invasion of both countries had begun. Copenhagen was reported to be in Nazi hands already.

The German claim, said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, that their action was a reprisal for the British minefield would deceive no one, for the distance from Cuxhaven, the nearest German port to Trondheim, where German forces

had landed, was nearly seven hundred miles, and a ship setting out after the British announcement would not yet have arrived. In any case the invasion was a most elaborate operation which must have been planned long in

with the French. More than that he could not say at the moment. As he sat down he was cheered and cheered again.

Reactions were various. Mr. ATTLEE and Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR briefly but warmly pledged their support for aid to Norway, which they hoped would be quick and effective. Mr. MANDER most unpopularly wondered how the enemy raiding-parties had got past the British Fleet, and urged an early summoning of the League. To this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN replied that there were other steps more immediately effective; as for the Navy's work, he asked the House to wait for full information before attempting to judge it, and this the House was only too willing to do.

Mr. GALLACHER had his bit of clean honest fun by claiming that here was the very moment for a purge (he refrained with a great effort from saying "liquidation") of the present Government. The House now gives him a reception only comparable to that which MAX MILLER gets at the Holborn Empire, and what M. MAISKY, who was watching enigmatically from the

Gallery, must make of it is hard to imagine. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON put in a further plea for a League meeting, Mr. MAXTON begged the P.M. not to be rushed into any foolish course, and Sir RICHARD ACLAND made a speech, all about the Government's duty to take a consistent moral attitude to Japanese aggression in China, which could scarcely have been more superbly unrealistic.

The sitting died of a severe anti-climax soon after tea.

Wednesday, April 10th.—The Lords were mildly offended at not being called together yesterday, and Lord STANHOPE manfully took the blame. He said it had not become clear until yesterday morning how much there was to tell the House, for the Government had not known that before the laying of the mines Germany was already taking action.

After a discussion in which Lord FARINGDON championed poultry farmers, Lord DENHAM (Parliamentary Secretary) declared that a reduction in eggs and pigs was not so serious nationally as a reduction in cattle and sheep, and that poultry growers must not expect more feeding-stuffs even after the next harvest. Chickens, and your unfortunate owners, you have been warned.



HOLDING BACK THE LION

(After a cartoon of Lord Aberdeen by Tenniel, in *Punch*, February 18, 1854)

MR. MAXTON

advance. The Allied answer to it would be to give our full aid to Norway, with whom we would fight the war in full association. Powerful naval units were at sea. We were collaborating closely



THE SWAN OF NORWICH

(A Man of Many Argosies)

MR. SHAKESPEARE



"On my right is a portrait by Gainsborough of the Duchess of Bunberry, and, immediately below, the Deputy-Controller of Sock-Suspenders."

In the Commons interest centred on the P.M.'s brief statement about the naval battle in which five British destroyers steamed up Narvik Fjord this morning and engaged six of the enemy's largest and newest destroyers. One German was torpedoed and believed sunk, three were left heavily hit and burning, six ships full of stores were sunk and an ammunition ship was blown up. The *Hunter* was sunk, the *Hardy* so severely damaged that she had had to be beached, the *Hotspur* seriously damaged, the *Hostile* slightly, and the fifth, the *Havoc*, was untouched. This account of an extremely gallant action against superior forces stirred the House to its depths.

Talking about appointments to the Civil Service, Captain CROOKSHANK assured the House that the emergency system was just as scrupulous, in spite of the absence of examinations. This Mr. MAXTON is inclined to doubt.

Thursday, April 11th.—With the first great battle of the war in progress, the FIRST LORD was in a mood to score freely off what was a wonderful Churchill wicket. He began by describing with bitter irony the peculiar

danger in which Denmark had stood owing to her recent treaty with Germany. We had known a German expedition was fitting out, but we were ignorant of its goal. In this sinister lottery Norway and Denmark had drawn the unlucky numbers. The eight-hundred-mile corridor down the Norwegian coast had been a very weak spot in our blockade; its removal by the Nazi action was a grave strategic error.

Mr. CHURCHILL then recounted how, since Monday morning, the battle had developed into a large and widespread action which had cost the Germans dear. He paid special tribute to the gallantry shown by our five destroyers in the Narvik fight, and to the efficiency of the R.A.F. It was not true that we had reoccupied Norwegian ports, but we had occupied the Faroe Islands and were watching over Iceland. Saying that HITLER's blunder, in almost doubling the efficiency of the Allied blockade, was only comparable to NAPOLEON's error in invading Spain, he warned the House that so reckless a gamble with the German Navy might well presage still larger events.

Home Nursing and So On

"**N**o, I haven't come to stay, Muriel dear—but I felt sure you'd just need cheering up. Don't stir, dear—how comf'y you look! I suppose you do prefer the curtains drawn? I must say I always think that the more air in the sick room the better. And don't try to talk—of course it's been influenza, dear, and tonsilitis so often follows. I know that only too well. No, thank you, my voice is almost well again....

A most extraordinary woman tried to prevent my coming up to see you—(Muriel dear, please don't use your voice)—a V.A.D., or something quaint. That's the worst of your being laid up here—these girls get so officious with all this Home Nursing and so on. I can't really think why you didn't insist on going back to your tiny flat, dear: nothing like home when one feels ill, I always say—nothing.

Of course you feel pulled down, dear;

that's the worst of bed. Keep about, I always say, and you get better much quicker. But of course in this Red Cross business you've got to do as you're told, I expect; though I must say it seems queer to me that a woman of *your* age can't choose where she's to be ill.

It was a very muddled message I got from your Commissar or Commandant or whatever that woman with the hat is called—Muriel, I do wish you'd try to relax and not try to chatter so! Believe me, I know how one feels after flu, though of course it's nice for you, having no responsibilities and being able to coddle yourself. As I say, I kept about. I felt it due to Edward and the children. After all, they look to one so at holiday-time. No, naturally, with a temperature I didn't feel too bright—yes, dear, 102 for two days—but I kept going for the kiddies' sake. No, of course not, I don't go around giving it to people—what a silly thing to say, dear!—but in wartime one has to be an example to one's servants. 'Of what?' Muriel, really, I don't understand you at all to-day! 'Your courage, your cheerfulness . . .' I feel if we all took that to heart there'd be less of this going down like ninepins with flu, dear.

So I didn't tell anyone; I just carried on. I did mention it to Edward when he took to his bed. I simply said *quite* quietly, 'Well, Edward, last week mine was 102 for two days . . .' I felt it was due to me that he should know. Of course I told Cook. I couldn't have her flopping into bed with the children at home and holidays and all that. It isn't as if I've ever allowed my children to catch things. But servants are so difficult—she's been in bed at her sister's ever since.

No, my dear girl, of course I'm not criticising you (*who is* that hammering on the door?)—not at all. As I say, it just seems strange that at your age you allow yourself to be dictated to. 'I have had influenza,' I said when that young woman tried to stop me. And I came straight upstairs.

You need cheering up, you poor child, stuck in this dismal room. Yes, I'm sure you've got a splitting head, dear, so do just try to do what I ask—*relax*, and lie quite quiet. I'll do all the talking. I don't know what you're trying to say, Muriel; but you women who *will* wear yourselves out with this war-work, you never seem able to relax. I've always prided myself that my family never catches things—just a little hygiene of a quiet mind, I always say, and not so much fuss about all this First Aid and Home Nursing. (What is that young woman

knocking at the door like that for?) After all, one learns these things naturally if one is a mother, don't you think? These examinations and so on don't mean a thing to me: family life, I always say—that's the thing for the natural woman.

Dear, I simply *must* open those curtains. I feel sure that this dreadful depression of yours—(No, Muriel, I can *sense* these things)—is due to this half-light. That's better—fresh air and sunshine and . . . MURIEL!—what's the matter with your face?

Measles? German measles! Well! at least you might have tried to warn

me—no, please don't try to explain—at least *someone* might have told me before I came up—and, keeping me talking here like this, however much pleasure it gives you, I feel you've been a little selfish, Muriel. After all, all this ridiculous dashing around with triangular splints or whatever they teach you is nothing compared to a little thought for others.

No. I have *not* had it. And how you could lie there like a log and say nothing! Of course I'm going now. Dear. Please, no excuses!

And I shall have a word with that woman in the hat as I go out."



"Hullo, Bill, what's the big idea?"

"Painting 'em grey to make Jerry think we're rivets."

At the Play

"REBECCA" (QUEEN'S)

In spite of having swallowed it in a single memorable gulp which began one evening at Victoria, went on all night by a filthy light, was unbroken even in a taxi crossing Paris, and ended the next morning exactly as the train steamed into Amboise in Touraine, I remember four things clearly about *Rebecca* as a novel.

These were the curious quality of the *de Winters'* relationship, the pervading hangover of *Rebecca's* personality, "Manderley's" sinister atmosphere and the sharply mounting drama at the end. The last loses nothing from this adaptation, but rather gains; the first loses more than the second and third, because in a play of such swift development there is no room for continual restatements of mutual feeling. When she came to dramatise her novel Miss DAPHNE DU MAURIER had to choose between two different kinds of play, the kind which would take its action from internal sources, from the *de Winters* themselves, and the kind which would lay its chief emphasis on their unhappy situation. Of the latter she has made such an effective job that anybody who grumbles must be considered ungrateful.

The story has been telescoped so skilfully that none of its essentials is lost, and has been translated into terms of the theatre in dialogue which bears it on a clear and forceful current. I can best describe the result as a thriller of the first class, so much better written than the usual run of crime plays and made dramatic from so much more intelligent an angle that we are not only deeply interested to watch the net closing in but we really care about the issue for the *de Winters'* sake. To me there is all the

difference between a play, however cunningly worked out, in which almost flat characters hound each other down, and one in which characterisation comes first. I like to mind about people before I am asked to take

their peril seriously, and surely this is reasonable?

The revised story—but perhaps you had better know first about the cast. The second *Mrs. de Winter* is

Miss CELIA JOHNSON; *de Winter* is Mr. OWEN NARES, wearing, if I may say so without being gossip, a fine new moustache; *Mrs. Danvers*, the terrible old housekeeper, is Miss MARGARET RUTHERFORD; *Frank*, the faithful agent, is Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY; the *Chief Constable* is Mr. C. V. FRANCE; and *Favell*, *Rebecca's* drunken lover, is Mr. RONALD WARD. As I need scarcely point out, a cast to make one sit up.

Obviously the play hadn't time to waste in Monte Carlo, and obviously the fire at "Manderley" wasn't an ideal end for the theatre. Miss DU MAURIER therefore has only one scene (and how good! Mr. ROGER FURSE did it), the hall, in which in the company of *Maxim's* equine sister and her loutish mate we wait for the arrival of the *de Winters* after their marriage, and in which, after *Favell* has been routed by the *Chief Constable* and the *de Winters* are alone again, we see the *ingénue Mrs. de Winter*, suddenly grown up, persuade her husband to put the local rumour-mongers out of business by staying on at "Manderley."

As the Curtain falls they go out into the garden together, united again after their nervous estrangement, *Maxim* conscious for the first time that he has brought to "Manderley" a woman of character and not a sympathetic little girl.

Miss JOHNSON's performance is excellent, for she makes very real the feeling that the great house, driven on by a jealous *Rebecca* and personified by *Mrs. Danvers*, is determined to force the *de Winters* apart. And her gradual assumption of quiet strength as *Maxim's* weakness is revealed is admirably done. The difference between the two sorts



CONFESION

Maxim de Winter. . . MR. OWEN NARES
Mrs. de Winter. . . . MISS CELIA JOHNSON



AWKWARD QUESTIONS

Colonel Julyan MR. C. V. FRANCE
Mrs. Danvers MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD
Frank Crawley MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY

of play which I said were open to Miss DU MAURIER hinges mainly on the character of *Maxim*. In the sort she chose, Mr. NARES plays the part triumphantly well, giving full expression to *Maxim's* agony of mind and screwing up the tension of the play with a technical mastery which is pretty to watch.

With *Mrs. Danvers'* keys Miss RUTHERFORD has taken on a new and terrifying guise. Gone are her gently garrulous spinsters; her descent of the "Manderley" staircase is one of the most sinister actions I can remember on the stage. Mr. HUNTERLEY plays *Frank* with a charming unassertiveness which is quite right; Mr. FRANCE gives the old *Colonel*, who sets the atmosphere in the vital last scene, just the quiet wise authority he needs—a beautifully judged performance; and Mr. WARD makes *Favell* a most dashing cad of the Mayfair school.

When I add that Mr. GEORGE DEVINE's production is very good indeed, this is in no sense formal praise. Watch the grouping of the characters in the last Act, watch the housemaids scurrying across the landing for one brilliant second to give the feeling of a house during the desperate moments before the opening of a Ball, and note how each fresh point in the story is exhibited for all it is worth. ERIC.

"WITHOUT THE PRINCE" (WHITEHALL)

YOUR good actor masquerading as a bad one who is masquerading as somebody else has always been a favourite in the theatre. Whether it be SHAKESPEARE's professionals pretending to be SHAKESPEARE's bumpkins pretending to be the Nine Worthies and *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, or whether it be a modern *Quince* and *Bottom* that are guyed, the

laughter is fairly certain. Mr. PHILIP KING, the author of *Without the Prince*, has transferred the joke to Upper Netherwick, whose parishioners have been stirred to high theatrical ambition by an earnest Rector. *Hamlet* is to be attempted, and with the village policeman as *Polonius* a nice essay in cultural-pastoral-comical seems to be assured. But the local *Hamlet*, alas, has been draining his draughts of Rhenish, or, in other words, attending a bottle-party, and on the day of pro-

and suit of solemn woe. He is, of course, an over-worked London star who has become an absent-minded vagabond, and he is not rescued and restored to Shaftesbury Avenue until he has kindly lifted the roof of the Village Institute and heaped glory on the rectorial adventure.

It is a simple story and a short one, and depends, like *Sam Weller's* boiled mutton, on "the trimmin's." Those include plenty of bucolic bustle with

the *Awful Boy*
(Mr. DAVID EVANS)
as Outside Left
and Miss MARGARET
YARDE and Mr.
JAMES HAROURT
in great form as
Full Backs. Miss
YARDE is the kind
of farmer's wife
whose tongue is
her carving-knife
and would cut off
anybody's nose; while Mr. HAROURT,
as one who seeks nothing but
to keep a farm
and carters, suffers
most amusingly
the invasions of
mummery, unable
to eat his supper-
bacon without
Shakespeare being
spilled all over
him.

Mr. ANDREW OSBORN, as the strolling player with no mind for anything but Elsinore, looks and speaks finely, while Miss KATHLEEN

ROBINSON and Miss KATIE JOHNSON pleasantly show us *Ophelia* and *Queen Gertrude* from the angles of the school-room and the Church. The result is sufficiently jovial and in a year or so all amateurs of Upper Netherwick will be most actively impersonating—the amateurs of Upper Netherwick.

I. B.

○ ○

Commercial Candour

"Beauty reducing massage . . . 7/6."
Hairdresser's Price List.

○ ○

"Detachable jewellery . . . is a good standby."—*Daily Mail*.
If nobody's looking.



PAIRED OFF

Madeleine Lees	MISS MIKI HOOD
Emma Weatherhead	MISS MARGARET YARDE
Wyndham Johns	MR. VINCENT LAWSON
Ezra Weatherhead	MR. JAMES HAROURT

duction absents him from all consciousness awhile. The curtain cannot rise and the Rector's heart is breaking, pathetically and publicly.

Then comes the Stranger, uncommon handsome but more than a trifle vague. He seems to have forgotten everything but the part of *Hamlet*, which he can not only recite but enact with a high professional grace.

Most apt and suitable Stranger! We have heard before of the play which was bad but might have been far worse if the actors had known their parts, but rarely of the player whose loss of memory saved Shakespeare from disaster. This Stranger steps considerably into the breach



*"Viscount Commander-in-Chief Gort said so. 'E oughter know, didn't 'e?'
"Never 'eard of 'im."*

A Fishing Story

WETHER any who have read some of the tales that I have recorded from time to time as I heard them from Jorkens may have felt any doubts of them I do not know, but I set down this tale not entirely for any slight interest it may possess for those interested in wells and the various objects their waters may be sometimes found to contain—I more particularly record it because I know the tale to be true, being acquainted with one of the men to whom it occurred, and able thereby to check Jorkens' veracity, who was there as a chance onlooker.

"I was taking a walk in India," Jorkens began.

"What for?" asked Terbut.

"To get away from the flies," said Jorkens.

"How far did you have to go to do that?" asked Terbut.

"Three thousand miles," said Jorkens. "But why not start? In fact I felt I couldn't delay any longer. Perhaps you don't know those flies?"

Terbut shook his head rather impatiently; for we all knew, and Jorkens better than most of us, that Terbut had never travelled.

"Well," Jorkens continued, "I was walking over a plain with a good deal of grass on it, and it was hot enough to kill more than grass, and there was nothing to see on it except a horse grazing, if nibbling that withered stuff can be so described; and he was grazing with a bit in his mouth and a saddle on his back. And then I came suddenly on a well. A rather thick patch of grass hid it entirely, until I

was right on top of it. And when I did get there I saw a little flight of steps, cut out of the dry mud of which all that part of the world seems to be made, going down to the well. And on one of the lower steps a man was seated holding a rod. I never saw him till I stood at the top step, and he didn't see me even then, being so intent on the water.

"Fishing?" I said.

"It's a spear," he answered, and sat there patiently for a few more seconds, leaning over the water, not looking at me, then made a jab. There was some commotion in the well, in fact more noise than I ever heard in any well before, and then he made another jab; and this time, above the noise of the threshing of water, I clearly heard a pig squeal.

"Have you got a pig in the well?" I asked.

"Sounds like it," he said.

"When the pig stopped squealing he leaned forward and began to pull; and very soon he hauled up a man out of the well, but the noise of some big thing swimming did not stop. It turned out from their conversation to each other, though they said little enough to me, that the second man had been hanging by one arm from the lower step of the well, the other arm being broken. The noise in the well continued, and rather puzzled me."

"Have you got anything more down there?" I asked them.

"Only a horse," said the one that I had mistaken for a fisherman. And he went on with his angling, until he got a pair of reins on the end of his spear. And sure enough there was a horse at the end of the reins, just as the man had said. I admit I hadn't believed him all at once, and perhaps it is rather a lesson to us not to disbelieve a thing merely because it's unlikely; and a horse in a well seemed so very unlikely, especially a well that already had so much else in it. But I was wrong, for very soon I saw a horse's head appearing; and more than that the two men could not manage to bring to sight for a long time."

"But what was it all about?" asked Terbut. "What were they doing?"

"They told me that," said Jorkens. "They were a long while getting the horse out, and every now and then one of them would call out to me a few words of explanation: you couldn't call it a story, just explanation. And what I gathered from it all was that they had been out pig-sticking and they had come on a lot of pigs—a sounder they call them—rustling in the long grass where they could not see them. And they had ridden up to a little village and got some men to go into the grass making noises, and some of the natives had brought their dogs with them; and all the pigs had come out and they had ridden after the biggest. They got right away from the long grass at once and saw no more of it, except little patches that they scarcely noticed; in fact the one beside which we all met they never noticed at all, nor did the pig—or, if he did, he went straight for it because it reminded him of home; nor did the first horse, nor his rider. And they all went into the well."

"The pig climbed on to the horse's back to keep himself out of the water; and the horse kept on rolling sideways as he swam, so as to put the pig back in the well. And that is another unusual thing to see, I mean a pig

riding a horse; but again, one should not disbelieve it merely on that account. I don't claim to have seen it myself, but the man who killed the pig saw it; in fact he killed it actually in the saddle. He killed the pig first because it seemed to make more room in the well, especially considering how near his tusks kept coming to the shoulder-blades of the man who was hanging by one arm from the bottom step. And then he pulled the man out. Getting the horse out was the hardest job of the lot."

"Did you lend them a hand with the horse?" asked Terbut, rather unnecessarily.

"Well, no," said Jorkens; "I was perfectly ready to, but the fellow took offence at a quite natural remark that I made in all innocence. It was a simple and harmless remark, and very much to the point. But he took offence at it."

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"I merely said," replied Jorkens, "Nice for their drinking water."



"Could you spare a crust, Ma'am—and one for my Boswell?"

From Darkest London

London,
15th April, 1940.

MY DEAR MARTHA,—After another week of fruitless endeavour I take up my pen to write to you. Take good care of yourself, my beloved wife, for you and our dear, dear children and Louisa our hen are all that I have left. Sometimes, as I sit in my lonely room, I could cry aloud "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" as the unfortunate youth cried who fell in love with such a young girl in the great drama of that name.

My dear Martha, the more I see and hear the more uneasy I feel about the conduct of my country's affairs. For many months now my name has been on six waiting lists, and still I wait. There are so many tales of carelessness in Government work that I often wonder whether my name is still there. Someone may have taken the lists home and left them in the train on the way. Less likely things have happened, as I have good reason to know.

The other evening I was travelling homewards in a tube train when a gentleman in the uniform of an Air Force officer took the seat next to me. After a short time I noticed that he had placed a smart leather brief-case on the seat beyond.

In my attempts to obtain employment in different branches of the Services I have seen many of these young men carrying similar brief-cases from one Government Department to another. They contain official papers and documents of vital importance, and the greatest care should be taken to see that they do not go astray. I must say, then, that it surprised me to see how carelessly this brief-case was being handled. It occupied a vacant seat between the Air Force officer and his nearest neighbour, who, as far as I could judge from her clothes and general deportment, might well have been a spy.

This indiscretion so alarmed me that I felt it my duty to issue a friendly warning. Leaning over, I tapped the officer on the knee and said in a quiet voice: "Young man, I think you ought to be more careful of your luggage."

In reply I was given a rather rude stare, unmerited by the motives that had prompted my action.

A few moments later the train drew up at a station and the officer got out. He was just leaving the platform by a tunnel opposite to the door of the coach when I saw to my horror that

despite my warning he had left his brief-case behind. My mind worked like lightning. I seized the brief-case and rushed after him.

The tunnel through which the officer had gone led down a flight of stairs to another platform, and although I ran as hard as I could, I arrived just in time to see him enter a waiting train. The doors slammed in my face and the foolish fellow was whisked away from me. There was only one thing left to do. I opened the brief-case, hoping that I should find some clue to the owner's identity. You, my dear Martha, knowing me as you do, will be able to imagine my embarrassment when I discovered that the case contained only articles of feminine apparel.

For a moment I was stunned. It was clear that the brief-case had belonged to the young lady all the time, and I felt ashamed of the fact that I had thought that this innocent young creature was a spy. Oh, how wrong it is to judge by appearances!

This inaction, however, was momentary. As soon as I had recovered from the first shock of the discovery I turned round and ran up the stairs again. I thought it might be possible to reach the other platform before the train in which I had been travelling departed so that I could return the brief-case to the young lady and apologise for my conduct. As I emerged from the tunnel I saw that my hopes were realised, and I stepped into the coach.

Though I say it myself, Martha, I have my wits about me and they work very rapidly. As soon as I entered the coach again I saw that my first impression had been correct. The girl was undoubtedly a spy, and was far cleverer than I had anticipated. The brief-case I had taken belonged to her, but she had a similar one which must obviously have been the officer's. She had effected an exchange, little thinking that he would forget to take the wrong one with him. Without hesitating a moment I snatched the brief-case from her hands, thrust the original one at her and leaped out of the coach just as the doors were closed. As the train drew away I could see her gesticulating furiously at the window.

I now possessed the correct brief-case, but I still had to discover how I could return it to the officer, so I decided to open it at once. But when I began to do so I was somewhat dismayed to find that it was not a brief-case at all, but a music-case. It contained one unfinished knitted jumper and a lady's magazine. I saw at once what had occurred. I had obtained it

from quite a different lady in quite a different train. I had robbed an unfortunate girl of her innocent knitting, while the spy was escaping scot free with the original brief-case.

I was trying to think of some plan by which I would be able to trace both the spy and the officer when I heard a woman's voice behind me say "There he is, Inspector." I looked round and, to my surprise, I saw the spy herself. She was accompanied by an official of the London Passenger Transport Board, and she was pointing at me.

The official approached me and asked me to let him see the case I was carrying. When I handed it to him, he held it out to the spy and asked her if it were hers.

"No," she said. "Mine was a brief-case, not a music-case. But I saw him take it."

"Just a minute, Inspector," I broke in. "This young person has stolen a brief-case."

The Inspector scratched his head, and regarded me in a puzzled manner.

"She says you stole hers," he told me.

"Yes, he did. I saw him," the spy repeated.

"Where is the brief-case you took?" I asked.

My last question was a telling shot, and the girl became hysterical. Before I could follow it up the Inspector broke in.

"How can she have taken yours, when you have still got it?"

"This isn't mine," I said. "I never had one, but this girl took one belonging to an officer."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," the Inspector said. He took the music-case and held it up. Then he satisfied himself that it belonged to neither of us, and wiped his brow. Then he took our names and addresses and told us that if our brief-cases were found, we should be informed. I tried to explain the circumstances to him, but he would not listen, so I came disconsolately back to my lodgings.

Sitting in my room here, I have been trying to solve the problem. Sometimes I think that the first girl took the officer's brief-case and handed it to the second girl. Sometimes I think the second girl was innocent. One thing is certain, my dear Martha, and that is that I tried to do my duty.

Your devoted husband,
ALBERT TRUMAN.

• •

Our Patience is Exhausted.

"I am glad you agree with me about Hitler, dear; he is, as you say, awful."
From a sailor's letter to his wife.



"Oh, no, he's quite all right, but I never know what to say to him."



*"Well, 'ere's 'over the top and the best of luck.'"
"Cheery-bo! Over the top of what?"*

The above drawings are the last which were contributed to *Punch* by the late ARTHUR WALLIS MILLS, whose death on April 5th we record with deep regret. The son of an Army Chaplain, he was educated at Bedford School and the South Kensington

School of Art. In the last war he joined the R.G.A. and served in France as a gunner and an expert in camouflage. His first drawing for *Punch* appeared on December 24, 1898, and for many years a picture by him appeared almost weekly in our pages.



"Nice to be in harness again."

Our Booking-Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Wanted: A United States of Europe

THE spectacle of California arming against Nevada, both states piling up inflammable material, with incendiary leaders ready to fire it, would be regarded as a reversion to barbarism. Yet the sight of thirty-four European states, cumulatively not so large as the U.S.A., behaving in the same fashion is recognised as inevitable. In *Europe Must Unite* (PANEUROPA EDITIONS, 5/6), Count COUDENHOVE-KALERGI, who founded the Pan-European Union in 1922, denies the inevitability and sets out his scheme for federation excellently translated by Sir ANDREW McFADYEAN and prefaced by the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P. There have been, he insists, partial approaches to unity—such as the Christendom of INNOCENT III. It is necessary to think politically—economics must be the servant, not the master; to design within, roughly, our mediæval boundaries, that is without Russia; and to eliminate dictators but not national diversities of free government and culture. True, the British Empire cuts across the scheme; but in insisting that France and Britain already form the nucleus of the new Europe, the author faces this difficulty fairly. The fact that the first and second congresses of the movement were held in Vienna and Berlin lends additional reality to a great hope worth greatly pursuing.

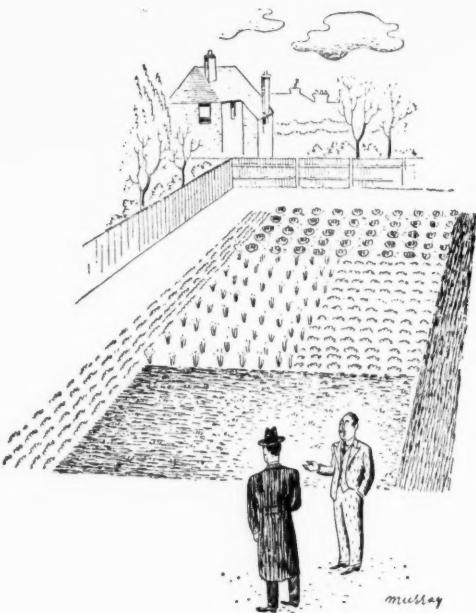
Crescent Mars

The old Great War is now to be known perhaps as the Four Years' War. Sir RONALD STORRS, in *The First Quarter* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6), begins the record of a new, more shamefully originated struggle. His early chapters analyse, after a fashion that would make wholesome medicine for our few

unhappy propaganda casualties, the growth and structure and methods of Nazism, and seeing that the attack on Poland implied not only treachery and intolerable insult but also deadly physical pain for men and women and children of her countryside and towns, the reader cannot be wholly spared the crying truth. When Sir RONALD passes to a survey of the world's states in their attitude to the struggle his quick sketches are as lively as they are well-informed and, raising up potential friend after friend, they make inspiring reading. All the Near East that he knows so well is enthusiastic for freedom—Turkey, Egypt, Greece, Iraq—while the sinister dexterity of Russo-German bargaining has lost our enemies all hope of real friendship anywhere. Germany's own best scholars are with us. ELENA GERHARDT sings German songs in German at our National Gallery concerts. Only in a few later chapters the writer passes to actual hostilities. He confines himself strictly to the first three months, and the brilliance of Monte Video waits for the next instalment.

King to Pedagogue

It is usual in Whig circles to attribute GEORGE III's unconstitutional tendencies to the influence of his one-time tutor; and Mr. ROMNEY SEDGWICK's chief aim in publishing *Letters from George III to Lord Bute, 1756–1766* (MACMILLAN, 18/-), is to face this charge and dispel it. Coming to the throne young, GEORGE provided no full-blown heir to become a rallying-point for the opposition. He refused "to accept the Crown and be a sypher"; but his correspondence fairly bears out his editor's contention that such despotism as existed was not deliberate. It shows BUTE reflected as a fussy, well-meaning, short-sighted individual, rather prone to identify his own notions with the country's good; and GEORGE himself as inclining to accept this estimate. On the domestic side the letters are dull, though sometimes



"We shan't have to measure the court out again after the war."



Sergeant. "PUT YOUR THUMBS DOWN BE'IND THE SEAMS OF YOUR TROUSERS, NUMBER SIX! WHAT THE 'ELL DO YOU THINK THE SEAMS OF YOUR TROUSERS ARE PUT THERE FOR!"

G. Jennis, April 18th, 1917

picturesquely dull: as when GEORGE, thwarted of his LENNOX bride, looks up Protestant princesses in the Berlin Almanack and appraises a preliminary lock of his CHARLOTTE's hair "by candle." He inquires kindly after BUTE when the latter's inside is "thoroughly rummag'd by your medicine"; and when diverging years alter the heading of his letters from "Dearest" to "Dear," is obviously concerned to let his ex-tutor down gently.

Among the Amosites

There exists, it would seem, in the world of fancy presided over by Mr. NORMAN COLLINS a singular religious sect called the Amosites, inhabiting the Paddington and Bayswater district. Most of the characters in his new book—*I Shall Not Want* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6)—belong to it, and in the opening chapter we are privileged to watch the Rev. Eliud Tuke, B.D.

conducting an "immersionist night" service in the big tabernacle of the Order. Mr. Tuke, however, though important enough, is not the principal character in the story. That honour falls to John Marco, a young Amosite who is deputed during the service to go in his stead and comfort a dying brother—an elderly miser who wishes to leave a box full of banknotes to the Order. How John Marco goes to the moribund Mr. Trackett, consoles him and prays over him to the best of his ability, and is moved, when the old man dies suddenly with him alone in the room, to pocket some of the notes, and how the theft influences his subsequent career, is the theme of a sufficiently powerful and tragic tale. For young Marco thought to hasten his wedding with the girl he loved, but finds instead that he is blackmailed into marrying Miss Trackett, who, true to her curious name, had become cognisant of his crime. With the aid of her money he buys up the shop in which he was working and

rises eventually to unimagined heights as chairman and director of John Marco, Ltd., only to crash the more violently at the close. *I Shall Not Want* is a creditable piece of work and Mr. COLLINS deals with the management of a big business with the air of a man who knows. He is also strong on death-beds, of which there are at least four herein described at some length.

Behind the Chinese Screen

In 1895 Dr. ANNE W. FEARN, two years after she had graduated from the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, went to China, intending to return after a year. She stayed there forty years, first at Soochow and afterwards at Shanghai, and in that time she had become, in the words of CARL CROW, who writes the Foreword to her book *My Days of Strength* (ROBERT HALE, 12/6), "the best-known and best-loved woman between Suez and the China coast." Her personal record covers a period in which not the least of the many changes which China was going through was the emancipation of women. When she went there a medical career, even in America, was a distinctly unconventional thing for a woman to undertake. In China she found that a female patient was frequently entirely screened from the doctor, who communicated with her through servants or, as a great concession, might be allowed to hold one hand thrust through the curtains. Before she left she had had for ten years her own private hospital which was always full and immensely successful. Her exceedingly readable story of her experiences reveals one not only of immense energy which carried her numerous friends along with her in any scheme which she undertook, but also of rare tact and charm which obliterated racial prejudices. Her narrative provides a human background to many happenings which made and are still making history—the revolution of 1911, the White Russian invasion after the last war, the growth of Bolshevism and the encroachment of Japanese influence.

Once Upon a Time

Unluckily for later arrivals, a child's story written to please herself and subsequently printed inevitably invites comparison with *The Young Visiters*, a challenge which *Bygone Flowers* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) finds difficulty in sustaining. There are points of similarity about the authoresses: Miss DAISY ASHFORD wrote her masterpiece at nine, Miss

JOAN PENELOPE COPE at twelve; both hailed from English country houses and both were Catholics—though Miss COPE tells you so on her jacket while Miss ASHFORD has *Francis Minnit*, the holy butler, to vouch for her practical papistry. The *Beverly* household is entirely pagan. It consists of three little girls, a mamma given to "salvalatily" and a papa who pulls his side-whiskers when annoyed. The little girls grow up, engross the attentions of a *parti* and two detrimen-tals and turn into two happy brides and a spinster in "a black bonnet with purple rather crumpled bows." A "period" study strikes one as an odd choice for a child—for as a rule all times are the same to children, with *Ivanhoe* if anything nearer than *Pickwick*; and little Miss COPE's rather censorious way with 1842 is neither fierce enough to be funny or clever enough to be contagious.

Too Old to Mould

The association of *Inspector Cross* with *Sergeant Johnny Lamb* is one of the happiest in detective fiction, and apart from one or two rather surprisingly facetious outbursts on the part of the *Sergeant* this redoubtable couple are interesting and amusing in *The Case of the Plastic Man* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/3). Starting with the disappearance of a professor of anthropology, the investigators were soon engaged up to and beyond the hilt among most mysterious murders. Possibly those of us who have taken an intensive course in tales of detection may be successful in guessing the answers to the problems which baffled *Cross* and *Lamb* for a considerable time; but even if this happens it will not prevent anyone from appreciating the skill with which Mr. JOHN

DONAVAN controls an unusual and carefully-selected cast.

Dangers Ahead and Around

Although the scene of *The Golden Swan Murder* (ROBERT HALE, 7/6) is laid in Hollywood and the leading lady is a "three-thousand-dollar-a-week glamour-girl," Miss DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY has not allowed the atmosphere of the film-world to stifle her sense of proportion. It was, indeed, a neat entanglement in which *Aunt Susan* found herself when, on receipt of an urgent telegram from the glamorous one, she left the peace of Philadelphia and hastened to Hollywood. Combining courage with common-sense, *Aunt Susan* was the happy possessor of qualities that were rare enough among her niece's friends, and she takes the chief honours in a tale that both for its characterisation and climax deserves honourable mention.

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